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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1906.

## Porto Rican Citizenship.

President Roosevelt, in his progress  
through our exterior dominions, bestows  
upon our insular subjects such blessings  
as he may. To the Porto Ricans, who  
have this long time stood betwixt and be-  
tween in their relations with us, he  
promises the rights, privileges, and glories  
of citizenship in the great republic—  
when they can get them. That is to say,  
the President will ask the attention of  
Congress to the matter, and Congress,  
we suppose, will do nothing. Legislation  
for the benefit of Porto Rico is the sort  
that can wait.

Under Spanish rule, Porto Rico was a  
well-behaved and fairly prosperous colony  
with a certain measure of autonomy.  
When the United States took possession,  
all that was changed. We imposed upon  
them a form of government without prece-  
dent in our history. An alien governor  
was sent among them. A colonial legis-  
lature was established, but without power  
to legislate adversely to the wishes of  
the American members of the upper body,  
who were appointed by the President and  
composed the majority. Legislative acts  
were subject to the veto of the President  
and to review by Congress. Our high  
tariffs interposed between the island and  
the American market. Trade languished  
and agriculture all but perished.

Of recent years a great improvement  
has been wrought in the domestic affairs  
of our West Indian colony. Under better  
administration agriculture and commerce  
have revived, the health of the people  
has been improved by sanitary measures,  
and an excellent system of education has  
been established. We hear no longer of  
threatening discontent with American  
rule. But to his mother country—perhaps  
we should say his stepmother country—the  
Porto Rican is still an alien. He may  
come to these shores, but is stopped at  
the port of entry and cross-examined as  
to his anarchistic sentiments and his  
moral and financial status. He may wish  
to live among us, but must become  
naturalized if he wishes to be one of us.  
His representative in the American Con-  
gress, even, is not a citizen of the United  
States.

No wonder citizenship has a real mean-  
ing for the Porto Ricans, and we are glad  
the President has promised to use his in-  
fluence to get it for them, in spite of the  
probability that Congress will not be  
greatly moved by the Presidential appeal.  
The Porto Rican should no longer be a  
man without a country.

Mr. Roosevelt is sitting steady in the  
boat, and, at the same time, is insisting  
that Mr. Taft sit steady on the lid.

## Recovery of the South.

The compilation by the Census Bureau  
of the wealth statistics of the United  
States, with the details by States, as well  
as the figures of the grand aggregate,  
presents for all and each a splendid in-  
spiration of national and of State pride.

The progress and prosperity of the  
United States as compared to other coun-  
tries are familiar themes of universal in-  
terest, but there is a striking feature  
of this progress whose significance the  
alien world may scarcely understand, and  
which is but meagerly appreciated even  
by our own people. It is in what has  
been achieved in that part of the re-  
public which, in the trials of the nation,  
has suffered the heaviest burdens of its  
vicissitudes. That part is what we call  
the South.

Let us take the eleven Southern States  
which seceded in 1860—Virginia, North  
Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee,  
Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi,  
Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas.

Contentless what they have accom-  
plished since 1870, five years after the  
civil war, and see how they have tri-  
umphed over a long, all-embracing train  
of adversities! It is an advancement over  
obstacles with no visible parallel in the  
history of any people in any land.

When these eleven Southern States  
emerged from the war, one billion and a  
half of wealth in slaves had disappeared.  
More than seven hundred millions of other  
property had been swept away. And they  
were to enter upon a long, dark period of  
debt and desolation. The process of re-  
covery was necessarily long drawn out  
and painful. The saddest hour for South-  
ern pride was approximately, but the star  
of Southern manhood was brighter when  
their most beloved leader, Robert E. Lee,  
said: "Human virtue should be equal  
to human calamity."

The aggregate wealth of the eleven  
Southern States in 1890 was \$5,151,865,000.  
In 1870—five years after the close of the  
war—their aggregate wealth was but  
\$2,300,616,000. The figures for 1870 were  
based upon an inflated currency; and, de-  
ducting one-fifth, as the statisticians do,  
the wealth of those States was \$2,264,000,000,  
or \$2,265,000,000 less than the year before  
the war.

The period of actual recovery from the  
effects of the war, from corrupt State  
rulers, during reconstruction times, from  
excessive taxation and enormous debts, is  
agreed by those who have made a study  
of the question to have been reached only  
within the past ten years.

The figures of the Census Bureau show  
that the increase of the wealth of the  
eleven secession States from 1870 to 1904  
was, in round numbers, \$10,320,000,000.  
The increase in wealth of the eleven  
secession States in four years—from 1900  
to 1904—was \$2,333,000,000—more than the  
aggregate of their wealth in 1870.

Texas has contributed enormously to  
the aggregate of Southern progress. In  
1870 its wealth was \$100,000,000, its figures

per capita being \$154. In 1890, it was  
\$500,000 per capita, \$318. Ten years later  
it was \$1,000,000. The next decade added  
\$217,000,000. The present remarkable  
rate of progress is best shown in the  
statement that the wealth of the State  
in 1904 was \$2,380,000,000—an increase in four  
years of \$34,000,000.

The increase in the wealth of the South-  
ern States from 1870 to 1904 was, the fig-  
ures representing millions:

Virginia, 878; North Carolina, 562; South  
Carolina, 577; Georgia, 899; Florida, 338;  
Tennessee, 606; Alabama, 764; Mississippi,  
481; Louisiana, 709; Arkansas, 584; Texas,  
2,557. The increase in Texas alone was  
nearly half a billion dollars more than  
was the wealth of the entire eleven se-  
cession States in 1870.

The most amazing exhibit of the census  
is that of Oklahoma and Indian Territory,  
soon to be admitted to the Union, and the  
sisterhood of Southern States as the  
State of Oklahoma. The first wealth statis-  
tics taken of the two territories was  
in 1890, when the development of the new  
country had already well commenced. The  
wealth of the two together was then  
\$308,000,000. In ten years their combined in-  
crease was \$600,000,000. Four years later  
it was \$1,000,000,000.

There is no material in these figures for  
the advantage of any politician. This  
country grows in spite of politicians. It will  
not do for a Republican tariff advocate to  
say that the secession States progressed  
more under Republican administrations and  
laws, because the Democratic politician,  
pointing to the period between 1860 and  
1890, could justly claim that under Demo-  
cratic administrations and laws each of  
the eleven secession States had increased its  
wealth more than 100 per cent.

The marvel of the whole grand story of  
American progress is the recovery of the  
South. It is the theme for national  
congratulation and rejoicing.

Senator Beveridge may think what he  
pleases about the inappropriateness of a  
man owning a billion dollars, but those Kan-  
sas farmers are getting right along raising  
corn, just the same.

## Germany and the West Indies.

In the treaty which, according to a re-  
port from Berlin via London, has been  
arranged between Germany and Denmark  
for the cession of the islands in the West  
of the North Sea to the German Em-  
pire, the New York Sun finds a possible  
design on the part of the Kaiser to obtain  
a foothold in the western hemisphere.  
The view of the Sun is that such an agree-  
ment between Germany and her northern  
neighbor would eventually bring about the  
resumption by Denmark of her former  
membership in the German Confederation.  
Looking into the future, the Sun thinks  
it evident that "the more or less complete  
incorporation of Denmark with the Ger-  
man Empire would involve the transfer  
to German hands of the Faroe Islands,  
Iceland, Greenland, and the Danish West  
Indies. At a bound Germany would loom  
on our horizon as at once a North Amer-  
ican and a Central American power.  
Under her control the islands of St.  
Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John would re-  
gain all of their old commercial and strate-  
gic importance, and would constitute a  
standing menace to Porto Rico, Cuba, and  
Panama."

Nothing would be more natural than the  
expansion of the German Empire in the  
direction here indicated. It is well known  
that the Kaiser has been assiduously cul-  
tivating the most cordial and intimate re-  
lations with the kindred small powers of  
the north, with what purpose may be seen  
in the reported treaty, in which Germany  
guarantees the integrity of Denmark in  
return for closing the Baltic to hostile  
fleets. That Germany is anxious to ac-  
quire a naval station on this side the At-  
lantic is also generally believed, in spite  
of semi-official denials.

We may see in the by no means impos-  
sible eventualities foreseen by the Sun  
fresh proof of the folly and untimeliness  
of Prof. Burgess' animadversions, deliv-  
ered before a Berlin audience, upon the  
Monroe doctrine. The German Emperor  
has been convinced by this time, no doubt,  
that Prof. Burgess wholly misrepresented  
American sentiment when he spoke of  
that doctrine as obsolete, and Secretary  
Root's recent declaration that the Monroe  
doctrine had lost none of its force and  
would be just as effective now, should oc-  
casion arise, as it ever was, derives addi-  
tional significance in the light of the Ger-  
man policy of expansion fairly inferable  
from the closer relations alleged to have  
been established with a power still in pos-  
session of strategic portions of American  
territory.

Will Germany be the next European  
power to make a test of the efficacy and  
potency of the Monroe doctrine? We  
seem to be in the way of getting a very  
practical answer to this question.

Mr. Gompers says that "the man who  
makes money out of politics must be put  
out of business." What's the matter  
with him? Isn't Mr. Gompers speaking of  
the man who makes money "in" politics?

## Boni Kept the Laundry List.

Gradually the enthralled world is get-  
ting all the facts connected with the dis-  
astrous marital experience of the Castellan-  
es. Further stern judicial investiga-  
tion of the case in Paris reveals circum-  
stances and incidents even more thrilling  
than those that first were waited on the  
slightest couriers of the air from the  
Paris courtroom to the four corners of  
the earth. These latest revelations are  
causing the planet to wobble and the  
very foundations of the social fabric to  
tremble. Count Boni had to keep the  
weekly laundry list, because his Ameri-  
can wife did not understand French suf-  
ficiently well to be entrusted with that  
important duty. Think of that; ponder it  
deeply, and then see if there is not a  
little softening of the heart toward Boni.

In ordinary households the keeping of the  
laundry list is no child's play. What,  
then, must it have been in the Castellane  
case? The mind reels and sickens in  
the effort to compass it. The imagination  
struggles with it in vain. Fancy dreads  
and shivers under the burden. Boni spent  
eight millions of the Gould fortune in five  
years. He tried to teach the wife of his  
bosom how to keep the laundry list, and  
failed. Uncomprehendingly, he took upon  
himself the task. If the laundry list had  
not been kept, if there had not been a  
facile hand to enroll upon the convenient  
sheet of paper every item of the week's  
wash and a vigilant eye to scan that  
sheet when the wash was returned at the  
end of the week, how many more of the  
Gould millions would have found lodg-  
ing in the rapacious maw of the French  
tradesmen in five years? We give it up.  
We do not believe that even Boni could  
make an approximate estimate.

This latest revelation throws a flood of  
light on a situation that was otherwise  
dark as midnight for the count. The  
keeping of a laundry list requires not only  
alertness, expertness, and unceasing vigi-  
lance—all of which draw heavy drafts  
on the gray matter of the cerebrum—but  
it also involves hard physical work, and  
unfading industry. It demands a bend-  
ing of the back and crooking of the legs  
that are fraught with the imminent peril  
of afflicting its doer with lumbago and  
house-maid's knee. Besides, it is not the

husband's work, properly speaking. The  
lord and master in America refuses to do  
it. Any American husband who should  
be caught keeping the family laundry list  
would be despised by the men and scorned  
by the women. His social position  
would go glimmering, his banker would  
look on him askance, and he would lose  
whatever control, which in his vanity he  
thinks he has over his household. The  
servants would mock him when his back  
was turned, and his children would titter  
in derision every time he dared attempt  
to assert authority over them.

And so, let us suspend judgment on  
Boni until we hear every detail. His mar-  
ried life has not been a bed of roses; it  
has not been one long sweet song. He is  
a scamp, of course—but the little fellow  
had to keep the laundry list.

The Daughters of the Confederacy  
have decided to do away with the spon-  
sors and maids of honor at the reunions.  
This will give the veterans an unexpected  
chance to be seen in the parade.

Our Modern Drama.

"God, my lord, will see the players well be-  
sweated!"—HAMLET.  
Those of our readers interested in the  
evolution of the English drama will re-  
call that the earliest plays were "Mira-  
cle" plays, in which the clergy were the  
actors; and that from these were develop-  
ed the "Moral" plays, and the "Inter-  
ludes" before the historical plays emerged.

And so we see that the legitimate  
drama had illustrious antecedents.  
What a boon to Washington would be  
the renaissance and rehabilitation of  
Shakespeare and the incomparable old  
English comedy in some temple of The-  
sophy worthy of the city and worthy of the  
theme.

Our population is the most intellectual  
and cultivated of the entire country. Our  
city is affluent in beauty and elegance,  
and is enhancing in these attributes every  
year. There could hardly be a greater  
benefaction to city and to nation than a  
splendid building erected here by men  
of taste and wealth devoted to the high-  
est historic and musical art. A thing of  
beauty, it would be a joy forever, and an  
inspiration to the whole land. There is  
a clientele here which could and should  
elicit and sustain the highest artistic  
talent.

This return to what is intrinsically ex-  
cellent and exalted in art will surely  
come. Mere snap and sensuousness and  
scene embellishment will, by and by,  
grow wearisome in mimic as they will in  
real life.

The era of "hustle" is destined to "suf-  
fer a sea change." To Washington fairly  
belongs the initiative.  
The maturest scholars and thinkers and  
moralists recognize and extol the influ-  
ence of the real theater and opera.

What temperance homily but pales be-  
fore "Rip Van Winkle." What awakens  
loftier devotion than "The Messiah" of  
Handel? What prompts men ever portra-  
yed such ideal and perfected manhood as  
Hamlet? Indeed, the method of the dram-  
atist is a more normal method than that  
of the ministry even. For whilst the  
wretched consequences of sin, the dramatist  
first paints its perilous fascinations.  
Lord Bacon never uttered a profounder  
truth than that there was no passion  
of the human heart but that it overmas-  
tered the fear of death.

A scientist says it never rains in Mars.  
Think of a country where no one ever  
steals an umbrella.

The very day the Standard Oil was in-  
dicted, its stock dropped twenty-three  
points. That was probably intended as a  
gentle warning to the consumer.

Birmingham, Ala., complains that its  
water rents are too high. What Louisi-  
ana cannot understand is why any one  
should want to rent water, anyhow.

Signor Caruso says it was a monkey  
that reached out and pinched Mrs. Gra-  
ham. Some one ought to let the signor  
understand that a man isn't compelled  
to incriminate himself in this country.

"A Carthage (Mo) boy drew a pistol  
on his teacher," notes the Houston Post.  
This is even worse than drawing his  
teacher on the blackboard.

By a "square deal," ladies, Secretary  
Bonaparte means that your official pic-  
shall not be cut on the bias.

A pipe dream—"I'm out," says C.  
Depew. And Platt says, "Me too."

For a man of his build, Secretary Taft  
got back on that lid in all kinds of a  
hurry.

When Mr. Carnegie talks about giving  
\$1,000,000 for the promotion of peace, he  
is making just the sort of noise the Latin-  
American revolutionist has been listening  
for.

At the same time, we cannot help in-  
dulging the hope that we have reached  
the "lastly" stage of the Crapsey case.

Mayor Schmidt should have remembered  
that he was not the only fiddler San  
Francisco had to pay.

If the worst comes to the worst, Count  
Boni de Castellane can get an organ  
and a monk.

The mayor of Boston demands 10-cent  
tickets for football games. This is calcu-  
lated to make some people want their  
quarter back.

Senator Platt says he will discuss the  
question of his resignation "hereafter."  
No use then; he will never get a chance  
to resign from that place.

According to the Atlanta Journal, "Mr.  
Samuel Clark is a candidate for Senator  
from New Hampshire." Hasn't the Jour-  
nal got this Clark in the wrong pasture?

Somehow, Guggenheim suggests a man  
with a bar'l.

A model city is to be established near  
Pittsburg. It is certain that Pittsburg  
needs a handy object lesson.

If there is anything at all in a name,  
that man Penna who has just been elect-  
ed President of Brazil is hopelessly Republi-  
can.

A Russian general believes the flying  
machine would be a great military equip-  
ment. He must be anticipating another  
war with Japan.

"Roosevelt weakens," says the Lynch-  
burg News, about the order dismissing the  
negro troops. You can't prove it by the  
troops.

If those negro soldiers had been as wise  
as some other soldiers of whom we have  
heard tell, they would have sent the  
President a round robin.

Allegheny (Pa.) might plead its pro-  
posed annexation to Pittsburg is uncon-  
stitutional upon the grounds of "cruel and  
inhuman" punishment.

It is hinted that England is willing to  
swap some of her islands for our Philip-  
pines. Don't see how we could lose.

"The child of to-day will be the man of  
to-morrow," says Senator Beveridge. It  
is certainly very unlike the Senator to  
overlook the ladies that way.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"IS THAT YOU, JOHN?"

Stealthily comes creeping in  
From the club,  
With an alcoholic grin,  
Crafty hub.  
See him dodging by the rack  
With a great care.  
Now he takes another tack  
For the stair.

Wife is hoodwinked, figures he,  
By his guile.  
Hence his alcoholic grin,  
And so he smiles.  
See him hold his cloven breath.  
Cunning, pa!  
He has wisely fooled to death.  
Ha! Ha! Ha!

Now he's at the bedroom door,  
Breathing low.  
He is safe in one step more.  
Take it slow!  
Wow! And straightaway in the fire  
Goes the fat.  
He has stepped, misfortune dire,  
On the cat!

How It Will Work.

"Say, Jinks!"  
"Well!"  
"Why don't you buy your wife some  
decent clothes?"  
"Oh, I've only got her on trial."

Part That Hurt.

"He said I was a doddering old scamp!"  
exclaimed Senator Sniggins angrily.  
"That's a shame."  
"Isn't it? Why, I'm as hale as the aver-  
age man of half my age!"

Before and After.

Ere they were wed his cry was: "Dear,  
Come here."  
But now he's only time to say:  
"Go away!"

The Modern Way.

"Nero fiddled while his city burned."  
"He wasn't so practical as Schmitz.  
That worry seems to have gruffed."

You Bet.

"And as to life in America."  
"What about 'em?"  
"Are they high?"  
"Sure. Everything in America is high."

Railroaded.

I knew a man who stole 19 cents, and  
though it was his first offense, they let  
a banker out on bail to make my friend  
a place in jail.

## THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

NOT A REFORMER.

There were wrinkles on his features,  
And his brow was corrugated, and he  
heaved a long sigh.  
So we spoke politely to him, in a man-  
ner most polite;  
"Is it wearing on your spirit that the  
world will not go right?"

"Are you weary of the uplift? Do you  
bear the task a grudge.  
That although you have uplifted, still the  
country will not budger?  
Does it make the outlook gloomy, that  
we yet have our lifeless toll?  
Will we have our Life Insurance, and  
have our Standard Oil?"

"Or perhaps your helpful efforts have  
been on another course—  
Does it pain your gentle spirit that more  
people seek divorce?"

Won't they listen to your speeches, when  
they ought to use your method?  
That the only true solution lies in mar-  
rying pro tem?"

"Ah, you shudder! You are thinking of  
the way the world is cursed.  
By the wickedness of using ardent spirits  
for a thirst?  
Or you weep because of millions who are  
slowly going broke  
Through their silly inclination to puff out  
tobacco smoke?"

"No? Then possibly the people simply  
snicker when you tell  
How you would make plain to them  
they read and write and spell?  
Or, you want the Higher Drama? Or, it  
simply wrings your heart  
When the rabble will not listen to your  
views on What Is Art?"

"It's a sorry world. We know it. And  
it moves on stumbling feet  
When it might rush to the table where  
you say that it lies to eat?  
Or it may be that you're struggling with  
the mighty ballot box,  
That you can't convince the pee-pul they  
can do without the boss?"

"Then, again, no doubt you're striving—  
Here the stranger turned and smiled  
In a manner that was eerie, in a manner  
that was wild;  
And he said: "Please stop your guessing;  
you could never hit it right.  
If you kept on taking chances till this  
time to-morrow night."

"I have got the yellow jaundice, I've neu-  
ralgia in my tooth, and my foot  
And I've had the rheumatism since the  
early days of youth,  
And I lost a hundred dollars on the  
monies yesterday.  
So you see it's not reforming that has  
made me look this way!"

WISELY ARRANGED.

"If all the world were apple pie, and  
all the men were ink," we begin jocular-  
ly, but our friend the dyspeptic inter-  
rupts us:  
"If all the world were apple pie," he  
growls, "all the seas would have to be  
ink so that the physicians could write  
prescriptions for the chumps who would  
be eating the pie."

DISAGREABLY AGREEABLE.

"We simply cannot agree; we cannot  
agree happily, and I want a divorce,"  
she says to her lawyer.

"Does he not love you?" the lawyer  
says.  
"No! My gracious! That's just the  
trouble. No matter what complaint I  
make, he simply sits there like a mummy  
and says he agrees with me. Can't you  
see how a husband of that sort can  
be?"

WILBUR NESBIT.

(Copyright, 1906, by W. D. Nesbit.)

From the New York Tribune.

Trial by telephone is the latest from  
Wisconsin. At Tarrant a justice of the  
peace entertained a charge against a  
rural resident who failed to appear for a  
hearing. Straightway the court called  
up the alleged offender on the phone, and  
the following dialogue ensued:

"Hello, John," said the court, "I wish  
you would come down to-day."

"What for?"  
"The town marshal has sworn out a  
warrant against you for beating him up  
election day. I want to try you."

"I'll have to do, judge. I'm too busy."  
"I'll have to send a constable after you."  
"But I am busy husking corn and  
buildin' a fence around my east forty.  
Why don't you try me now?"

"All right. You are guilty?"  
"Yes."  
"Five dollars."  
"All right, judge. I will send it down  
by the rural mail carrier. Good-by."

Getting Close to the People.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.  
Emperor William also feels the need  
of getting closer to the people. Rocke-  
feller, Ryan, and the Kaiser! It will  
soon be up to Mr. Fairbanks to warm up.

Informers.

Apparently the country considers that a  
man who refuses to turn informer may  
still be a good soldier.

## PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Was with Maximilian.

H. Conquest Clark, a former newspaper  
man, and now a clerk in the Post-Office  
Department, was with the ill-fated Maxi-  
milian, when that ambitious monarch was  
captured in Mexico, and his head dream  
of establishing a throne in the capital of  
the Montezumas was shattered. Mr.  
Clark, an Englishman by birth, had been  
sent to Mexico by the New York Herald  
to report the progress of events. He at-  
tached himself to the cause of the Em-  
peror, and became the private secretary  
of Prince Salinas, one of Maximilian's  
chief field marshals. Clark was caught in  
the crash of the empire, and but for the  
fortunate circumstance of his being able  
self-defensive to establish his British citi-  
zenship, he would probably have been  
shot. He was given safe escort to the Rio  
Grande, and when the guard of Mexican  
soldiers released him there, he narrowly  
escaped being lynched by the populace be-  
fore he could reach this side of the  
border. Mr. Clark afterward went through  
the thrilling days of the reconstruction  
era in Louisiana as the private secretary  
of William Pitt Kellogg, now a resident  
of Washington, and was subsequently sent  
to Washington when Mr. Kellogg came  
here as Senator from the gubernatorial  
chair of the State, and has since then  
lived at the Capital. It is said that the  
shrift Maximilian, based on English work-  
ers and held competitions for cups and medals,  
the last in 1858. The few survivors,  
gallant veterans of the straw targets,  
met for the last time in 1888 and deposited  
its championship trophy at the Histori-  
cal Society of Philadelphia. This is an  
old silver vase, on which as pendants are  
medals bearing the name of each  
holder and the dates.